Dear John,

I know it’s been a while since I last talked, but I heard you watched the movie Fires in the Mirror, and I wanted to talk about it a little more. I know you’re always down for a discussion on a play.

Honestly, I found Fires very intriguing. As you know, I’ve always been very interested in alternative forms of theater, and this play definitely counts. I loved watching one actress portray many different characters- it speaks to her skill. I also thought it was a good way to show the audience that we’re all part of the same earth, and we might look a little different, but we’re all human. This stood out to me as something Yasmine would like. How is she doing, by the way? I think we should pick a night where we get DHS’ drama club together and watch this. It could be a fun lock-in night, and a perfect way to try to blur the line between cliques in the club. I’ll bet that’s still a problem.

I think it would be interesting if we tried out own version of this form of storytelling. Maybe it would be a good Drama IV assignment; have the kids interview people in the neighborhood about the racial divides we see every day. First and foremost that comes to mind is the divide between Hispanics and the rest of the white people. They are the two largest demographics at our school, and the language barrier really sets them apart. If I was asked about this subject, I think I’d have a lot to say. After all, I am one of the few people who can actually claim either side. I’d tell them how strange it feels that I can flit between groups. I honestly look white, so if I don’t speak Spanish, the white people don’t know. But I can understand Spanish quite well- well enough that I can respond properly in English, or in Spanglish. I would say how strange it was that while I spend most of my time with the white kids, my brother chose the Hispanic group. He’s way more fluent in Spanish than me now, and he barely knew three words when he first got to the high school. I have to say, I’m jealous. Speaking of different ways my brother grew up than me, that brings me to another stereotype at our school. The Hispanics sell the drugs, and the white kids use their rich Daddy’s money to buy them. I think it’s funny how that’s kind of true at our school, but I worry about my brother. He could easily get into trouble. The other day, his friend Mauricio was killed in a car accident. The other car drove off- Mauricio’s 15-year-old sister was driving it, and couldn’t get caught by the cops. She killed her brother, man. That’s so messed up. I just hope my brother can choose a better path and straighten himself out. I hope he can get his grades up so he can get into a good engineering school, and he can get that job they’re holding for him at Harley Davidson.

That got way darker than I wanted it to. I think I’ll end the letter here- I’m running out of paper. Promise we’ll hang out real soon!

Love,

Ruby